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The Cousin's Society.  
The opening meeting of the 4th year of  
the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society  
known as "The Cousin's So-  
ciety" will be held Saturday evening at  
8 o'clock at Mrs. B. P. Dillingham. An  
entertaining program is being prepared. Dr.  
J. A. Dicker will report the in-  
formation of the missionary meeting held this  
year in New York. Mrs. Montague  
Dillingham, Mrs. D. D. Dillingham, Mrs.  
Miss Conley, Mrs. Austin and Mrs.  
J. A. Dicker are expected to assist in  
the musical part of the exercises. All  
persons and others interested in the  
work of the society are invited to be  
present.  
The following are the officers for 1900:  
President, W. W. D. Waterhouse; president, W. W.  
D. Waterhouse; president, W. W. D. Waterhouse;  
secretary, Lorrin Andrews;  
treasurer, Mrs. A. Chamberlain;  
J. B. Cor and Annie L. Forbes;  
secretaries, Lyle A. Dickey,  
J. A. Dicker and Mrs. Ellen A.  
Dicker; active members of the board.

CONGER A STATESMAN

Career of Minister to China.

A FRIEND OF M'KINLEY

Served in the Army With Distinction and Has Proved Himself a Diplomat.

Edwin H. Conger, the American minister at Peking, is one of the longest headed, most reliable and sagacious men in the diplomatic service, and it was because of these qualities that, on the refusal of the Senate to confirm the President's first appointment to China, Charles Page Bryan, who was objected to because of his youth and inexperience, he was transferred from Brazil, where he was serving his second term, having held this office through the whole of President Harrison's administration, to the capital of the Celestial Kingdom. Mr. Conger sailed for his new post in the spring of 1898, and since that time has not visited this country, the exigencies of his mission making it impossible for him to intrust its business to less experienced hands.

Last spring the minister made an official inspection of all the consular offices in China, one of the war-ships being placed at his disposal for this purpose, and last summer he escaped the intense heat of Peking by removing to "The Illinois," a place at the foot of the mountains, twelve miles from the capital, where, with his family, he occupied a temple, which has been the summer home of the American legation since Burlingame's time, and is presided over by a venerable priest, wrinkled and bent, who looks as if he might be quite as old as the god whose shrine he guards. But these are the only outings Mr. Conger has taken since he assumed the reins of office.

Minister Conger is a cousin of the late Omar D. Conger, of Michigan, who for more than twenty-five years represented the Wolverine State in the Senate and House. His father, a native of New York State, married a Miss Hurd, who came of Vermont stock, and they emigrated early in this century from their home in Cayuga County to Illinois, where the present minister to China was born fifty-five years ago, making one of a good old-fashioned family of thirteen children. Still in his "teens" when the war broke out, Mr. Conger was one of the first to enlist in his part of the country upon the call for volunteers. Entering the army as a private he served with honor and distinction until the peace of Appomattox, retiring without a wound or scratch, and with the brevet rank of major, the actual rank of captain, bestowed upon him for

"gallant and meritorious conduct in the field."

Upon resigning his commission Mr. Conger devoted himself to the study of law, graduating at the law school in Albany, New York, of which President McKinley was also a student, in 1885. Upon receiving his diploma the young lawyer hung out his shingle in Galesburg, Illinois, and had an early and gratifying success, but it was destined that he should not continue the practice of his profession. His father's business affairs had grown beyond the direction of one head, and his son was accordingly sent to Dallas County, Iowa, to look after some large holdings of real estate there. Successful in this, Mr. Conger became a large stock-grower, then a banker, winning by his sterling qualities, his genial nature and kindness the regard of his neighbors, who gave substantial evidence of their esteem by electing him State treasurer, to which office he was re-elected in 1882, serving there at the time the late Senator Gear held the gubernatorial chair. Mr. Conger was elected to the Forty-ninth, the Fifty-first, and the Fifty-third Congresses, being succeeded by John A. T. Hull, the present chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.



MRS. E. H. CONGER

During his service in the lower house he was regarded as one of its most useful and efficient members, and as chairman of the Committee on Weights and Measures and a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, Agriculture, and Banking and Currency, did work that is still remembered to his credit. It was while in Congress that Mr. Conger's friendship for Mr. McKinley, so pleasantly begun while they were boys at the law school in Albany, was renewed and resulted in the naming of Mr. Conger for the Brazilian mission, which he had so acceptably filled in the last Republican administration.

The wisdom of transferring Mr. Conger from that post to China has been abundantly demonstrated. History has been made rapidly in the Orient in the past two years, and a man less astute, less experienced, less far-sighted might have involved this country in many tangles. From the moment he presented his credentials in Peking the American minister took a leading place among his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. His ability and sagacity were

early recognized, his opinions deferred to, his advice sought. He stood well, too, with the Chinese officials, and is credited with having had great influence with the Tsung-li Yamen. Li Hung Chang has ever been his warm friend and supporter, and upon this friendship and the protection it would afford, Mr. Conger's family counted during those crucial days when he was imprisoned in Legation City and his fate was in doubt.

In appearance Mr. Conger is an imposing man. He stands over six feet, has a broad and stalwart frame, and weighs more than 200 pounds. His bearing is dignified, his frank and open face wears a genial smile, which invites friendship and confidence, yet he is positive and determined, fearless and unyielding when occasion requires. His family, who are now with him in China, consists of his wife, his daughter, Miss Pierce, Mrs. Conger, born a Miss Pike, and the sweetheart of her husband's college days, is a sweet-faced, gentle little woman, who in their long union has been her husband's constant helpmeet and inspiration, sympathizing in all of his undertakings, and aiding him by her love and support in all



MISS CONGER

of his ambitions. The wife of the American minister to China is slender and graceful, below rather than above medium height, with kindly blue eyes, brown hair that waves away from an intellectual forehead, and a low, sweet voice.

Because of her position and winning personality Mrs. Conger has naturally been granted a foremost position among the women of the diplomatic corps, and the American legation has been the gathering-place for the strangers in the Celestial capital. While by no means a fashionable woman or one wedded to society in its narrower sense, the wife of the American minister has left nothing undone that could add to her husband's prestige or increase her country's fame. Thursday has been observed as a reception-day at the American legation, and tea is invariably served there on this afternoon, which differs in no wise from similar functions in this country, save that the tea is of better quality than ever finds its way to these shores, and is passed around by native servants, who are devoted to their

(Continued on Page 1)

THE PERILS OF CHINA

Missionary Chalfant's Experience.

REV. E. W. THWING'S FRIEND

He Writes of the Narrow Escape of Himself and Party at Fangtze.

Rev. E. W. Thwing, the well known worker among the Chinese here, has learned with much satisfaction of the safety of many of his friends in China. He said, "I have been concerned as to the position of Rev. Frank H. Chalfant who went to China with me first in 1887. He was living at Weihsien in the Shantung province. The entire mission was destroyed, hospital, schools and missionary homes. It was a most trying and exciting time.

Mr. Chalfant himself tells this thrilling story in a letter which he writes 'under date of June 27, from Fangtze, which is nine miles south of Weihsien, where he found refuge at some German coal mines. He says in part:

You shall have received the news by cable from Che Foo under date of yesterday that Weihsien is a ruin, and that all the missionaries escaped. The compound was burned and looted at 8 p. m. on Monday, June 25. On June 19 I was to have escorted my wife and Mrs. Crossette and my nine-year-old son Ned from Tsin-tau back to Weihsien. On the eve of starting came the news of the burning of Weihsien and the fact that the backs of the compound were at the mouth of the Pacific (river). This caused us to decide it inadvisable to take the women to the interior, so I returned myself on the 19th in company with a German engineer, Mr. Axt, who was coming to this place (Fangtze). Reaching Weihsien on the evening of June 21 I found the following persons at home: Mr. and Mrs. Fitch and their two children, Mrs. Farley and her three children, Dr. Edna Parks and my little daughter, Margaret. The absent ones were Dr. Farley and son, David, at Shanghai; Miss Boughton, away examining her schools, and Miss Hawes, fifty miles distant teaching a class of women. Those of us at the station decided it was expedient to leave. Mr. Fitch volunteered to escort the women and children then on the place, leaving on Saturday. The plan was to go direct to Tsin-tau—one hundred miles.

At that date no alarming telegrams nor other messages had reached Weihsien other than the news brought by me. At 10 o'clock on Friday a special messenger came from Mr. Cornwell, who was in charge of a ship sent by our efficient consul, Mr. Fowler, to the junk port of Yang-Kiao-Kau, fifty miles northeast of Weihsien. This message urged the immediate coming of our people to the steamers. We decided the first party should go there, and they started on Saturday at 9 a. m. Meanwhile we had dispatched special

couriers to recall the Misses Boughton and Hawes, and I remained alone to escort these women and to attend to the thousand and one emergencies likely to arise.

On Saturday Miss Boughton arrived, and on Sunday we had the usual Chinese service—fated to be our last at Weihsien for many a day. At daylight on Monday Miss Hawes came, having travelled all night. We three then worked hard to pack the most valuable small belongings, and to provide for the various departments of our large mission plant. The schools—boys' and girls' high schools—had already been dismissed (a thing most providential). We sent away the few remaining school girls to their homes—these had stayed over for the vacation. By this time ugly rumors were afloat, and our Christians and helpers advised us to leave. This was consoling, for usually they are very averse to the foreigners all leaving. At 4 p. m. one of our native pastors, Li Ping J., came with a cart to take away some goods of his own and others. While loading the cart an unruly crowd pushed in at our gates. The gate-man sent for me, saying he could not restrain them. I took a cane and went up, supposing I could get them to behave.

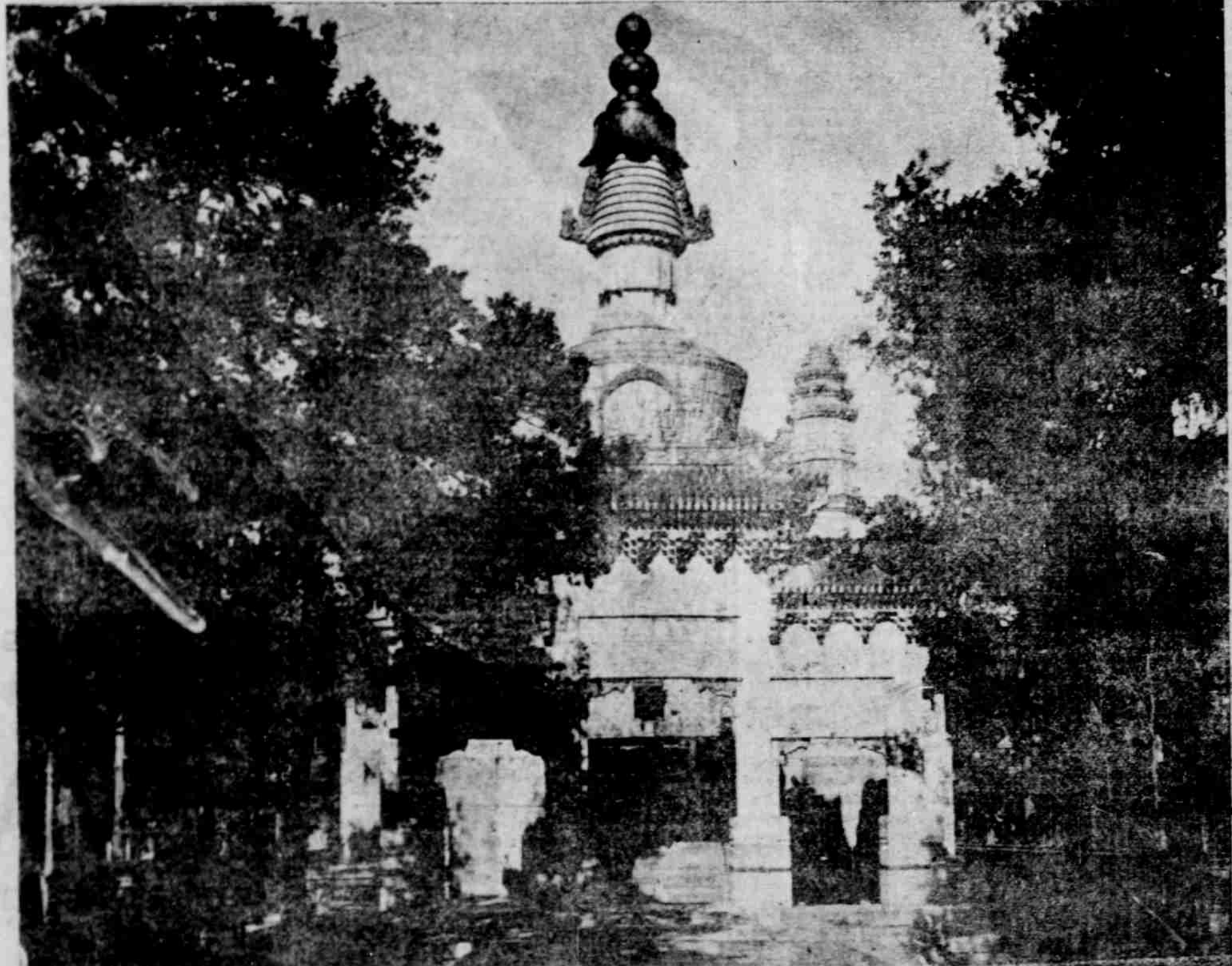
By that time they had attacked our wall and smashed the tile work or coping thereon. I drove them away—they were mostly small boys—and held the gateway till Mr. Li's cart went out. At once they attacked the cart, and in a moment stole everything in it. I could do nothing outside, and so shut the large gate against the mob's return.

Meanwhile, seeing the sudden turn in affairs, I had dispatched a letter to the Yamen asking for a few soldiers to protect the place. Returning to our houses, I advised the women to go to my house, as the most secure, and wait for me. I ran back to find the dispensary windows smashed and a howling mob on the higher ground to the northwest storming the place with bricks and tiles. I ran back to the safe tael 10 of sycee and \$7 in Mexicans, as provision against flight, locked the safe and returned to try to keep back the mob till help should come from Yamen. The lives of many depended upon keeping back the mob. I ran forward amid shower of bricks and tiles, and at twenty paces warned them back. They leered at me, a brick hit my foot, slightly injuring but not disabling the defending garrison. The mob fell back, and just then a cavalryman appeared, brandishing his gun. He was from the Yamen. I saluted him cordially and asked him to help. I then opened the wicket gate and the gate guard (only large enough for one man to enter) and ran out to the northwest corner of the compound, whence the mob had withdrawn. The horseman started around the compound, presumably to see if there was an attack on the other side. He never again appeared, and soon the crowd, cowed by the while by the arrival of the soldier, began to retreat. I saw the Yamen would not help us. I feared the man had returned, and my fears were correct. I afterward learned that he had not been sent out to help, but was casually returning from other business.

It was now about 7 p. m., and being at time of longest day the sun was still high. My hope and prayer then was to keep back the mob until sunset, so that we could escape under cover of darkness. I took up my position at the corner of the compound outside. They stood still, and soon said, "Let's scatter." They were undecided what to do, and at that moment the presence of one soldier from the Yamen would have averted the calamity. No human help came. I stood my ground quietly and waited. They said, "Move forward." A few started toward me, but they slunk back. At 7:45 they made an onset. Some had crept along the bank of the stream near the place and entered behind me. I saw my disadvantage, and warned those to the northwest to halt. They came on, yelling and throwing stones. I ran for the gate amid a fusillade of missiles. There was no question but that they intended to kill me. I got in safely, slammed and barred the gate, and ran up the stairs. The mob had broken in our unused south gate and were swarming up the street.

Going in at Miss Boughton's gate and around by the east private pathway, I joined our women. We barricaded the doors and windows with furniture and closed the large sliding doors between the dining room and sitting room and went upstairs. Our servants and several Chinese women were with us. It was now 8 o'clock, the exact hour we had previously set for a community prayer meeting for the safety of our Christians. We had a few short, earnest prayers, then the cry was raised by the Chinese women, "The chapel is on fire!" I knew the time had come to run for it. Going downstairs we found the front yard free from the mob, but could hear the crash of windows in the rear of the house. Here a most remarkable thing came to light, which saved our lives. I had had a short ladder carried to my front porch for the purpose of getting up to inspect the roof of my porch, which had been leaking. Hastily placing this ladder on the wall we climbed over, and all got out. Everywhere else the rioters were doing their nefarious work except in my front yard. The chapel, Miss Boughton's house and other buildings were burning fiercely, and the mob was busy piling fuel on a front porch of the women's home just next to my house. Only one man saw us, and crying "The devils are escaping, kill!" he threw a brick, which passed over our heads. No rioters were outside at that point, though many were not far distant who might have followed us.

We quietly walked through fields to Li-Kin-Chwang, a friendly village, and hence turned south. It was growing dark. Three Chinese servants were with us, besides two non-Christian men who often act as barrowmen for us, and at this crisis proved loyal to us. The Christian women took refuge in Li-Kin-Chwang. Miss Boughton, Miss Hawes, myself and the few men walked on. Miss Boughton had picked up a hammer, which was our only weapon. I ought to say that during the two hours while the mob I had not the least fear. This was doubtless due to the incessant prayer for me by our young women and Christians. Their party was most noble, for it was easier to be out facing the mob than inside under surveillance. They did not know but that I had been killed. Leaving the road, we took to the fields, and directed our way to the German mines, nine English miles away. Oh, the relief we enjoyed—the God sent darkness! Our companionship of faithful Chinese friends! With the burning buildings behind us and the stars above, we easily kept our direction. We avoided all villages, and dropped on the ground at sound of footsteps, not from fear, but from strategy. We did not want the people to know where we had gone. At mid-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVEY FROM ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF CLINTON J. HUTCHINS.

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